THE FORBIDDEN ROAD

By MARIA ALBANESI.

Chapter III—Continued.

"Not for myself," she had written him, "but for Cuthbert. He is so delicate; he needs so much care, and he is so gifted! If he is properly trained he can attain to anything, but he must be in the proper environment."

Since that bygone day when his mother had sought him with that frail, pathetically small baby in her arms, Rupert had not met his half-brother till the day when he reached London, after he had followed Matthew Woolgar to the grave.

There was not the faintest possibility of sympathy or even friendship between Octavia Baynhurst's two sons.

A portrait of Cuthbert Baynhurst was hanging over the fireplace in the hall, and Rupert glanced up at it now as he turned to leave his mother's house and go out into the fog again, and as he glanced he frowned unconsciously.

There were portraits of Cuthbert all over the house. Young Baynhurst affected the society, and in a degree the calling, of artistic life, and was a favorite subject with most of the artists he knew; but not one of these portraits did justice in the mother's eyes to that strange, almost womanish beauty which the young fellow possessed. She was blind to any defect in Cuthbert, either mentally or physically. Love, when it had come to her, had come in a wild, a primitive kind of way; she who had carped and analyzed and sought to find the cause and origin of all things, fell at the feet of this one creature, who claimed her heart and accepted her destiny unquestioningly.

The fact that Cuthbert was lazy, selfish, callous, never dawned in her comprehension. She had fashioned him out of the purest, the best of herself. She required nothing of him, and lived merely to pour out her love on him.

Just as he was passing out of the door Haverford looked back.

"I shall be obliged if you will ask Miss Graniger to let me have my mother's address as soon as she has it," he said.

He got into the cab that was waiting, and his thoughts lingered about Cuthbert.

"Paris," he said; "I thought he was going to stay in town and work all this winter."

Then he shrugged his shoulders.

He made it his business not to inquire too closely into anything that Cuthbert did, in which he showed himself to be unlike the majority of those people who give to others; and assuredly he was generous enough to his half-brother. For Cuthbert, of course, had the major portion of anything their mother had, and Rupert's first action (when he had realized that he had the command of so much money) had been to surround his mother with every comfort.

He bought her the house in which she now lived, she had her own carriage, and a very ample income. He gave her, in fact, exactly the sum equivalent to that which he spent on himself.

Matthew Woolgar had left him the money unreservedly—everything save a legacy to his sister, an old, crippled, and humble woman, has passed "To the son of the best man I ever knew." But Rupert himself had certain theories. He felt convinced that this money would never have come to him if Woolgar had not seen in him the proper medium through which this immense wealth could be handled judiciously, and it was his one desire, his one anxiety, that he should prove worthy of the immense trust which had been placed in his hands.

The schemes about which he had spoken to Agnes Brenton the night before were no paltry things; they were planned on the most generous lines.

There was scarcely a public charity to which Haverford did not already subscribe largely, and his private expenditure of this kind was almost without limit, but he intended to do more, much more. And his keenest, his most living sympathy was with those people among whom he worked so long; it was on these toilers and out of them that this great wealth had been gleaned in the first instance, and Rupert resolved to give back to them in full measure. Nothing was too large or too important that dealt with their welfare and the good of their rising generation.

Already there had sprung up in that smoke-grimed factory town a monument dedicated to the memory of the man who had enriched him and the man who had given birth to him. It took the form of a large institution designated for the practical education and the physical and moral uplifting of his old comrades.

Life in the factory served to stunt the growth and the intellect of those who did not possess, like himself, that piercing, that vitalizing determination to keep looking upward. It was to such as these that Haverford determined the major part of Matthew Woolgar's money should go.

After leaving Kensington he went back to the city, where he had an office, and it was late in the afternoon before he reached the house that was perhaps the sole reason why he had elected to make London his headquarters.

Matthew Woolgar had raised up to himself a veritable palace. Money had been lavished on this house like water. The art experts of the various great Continental centers had been busy for months and months finding treasures with which to garnish this lordly dwelling place.

But Rupert Haverford's benefactor had never lived in the house. His real home had been the shabby worker's cottage, where he had dwelt in those far-off years before his wife and son had died, and when power and greatness had not even dawned on the horizon of his future.

When first Rupert Haverford had passed through room after room of that magnificent house which Matthew Woolgar had built, his feeling had been one of oppression and, in a sense, pain. Everything was so beautiful, everything was so cold. That element of desolation, of heart loneliness, which must have driven the wealth-burdened man to sit and smoke in his old wooden armchair by the broken-down fireplace in that humble north-country cottage made itself felt to Rupert almost too sharply.

That had been more than two years ago, and his influence and the crowded, and to him wonderful, circumstances in those two years had made a change in everything—in himself and in all that surrounded him. Still, though the world had fluttered in and out of these rooms very often, this wonderful house remained only a house; it was never a home. That element of solitude, that deadness, as it were, that clings about the atmosphere of museums and other treasure storehouses, continued to oppress Rupert.

It was too big for one person.

And to-day, coming freshly from the cheery, sociable, homelike influence of Yelverton, Rupert was sensibly affected by this sense of solitude, this mockery of empty grandeur.

Happily, a vast amount of correspondence awaited him, and he set himself at the task at once.

Letters bombarded him wherever he went—the world seemed people with beggars.

It was a matter requiring great tact and discrimination, this giving to those who asked. Naturally there were other letters. Invitations poured in upon Rupert Haverford. There was scarcely a great house which had not thrown open its doors to him.

Already his small dinners had taken to themselves cachet. If he had responded to all the invitations which were poured upon him he would scarcely have had a moment to himself. As it was, he felt that he was drifting more swiftly into the stream of society than he had any desire or intention of doing.

Not once, but a dozen times, he had told himself of late that he must change this.

Life for him had a serious meaning. It was full of serious projects.

Sometimes, when he was a guest at the table of some illustrious personage, or sometimes, when he would be standing in a ballroom, watching the dancers, and listening to the strains of softest music, he would lose himself, as it were; he would go back in his imagination to those days when he had stood working with the humblest of the factory hands, working and dreaming for the time when he should be free. Working, not for this bubbling gayety, but for those big, those noble ambitions which his father had set before him as his ideals when he had been a child of only a few years.

He threw aside the letters now, and leaned back in his chair.

It was, perhaps, the first time he had let himself challenge himself.

With one of those curious tricks that imagination plays us at times, he was suddenly wafted from the cosy warmth of his room to that cold damp mist of the day before. He was walking through the white fog with Camilla Lancing nestling close to him.

If he were to turn his back on London, on society, on that life which had been circling about him of late, he must turn his back on this woman, for she, and she alone, was the magnet that held him so tenaciously, unless she would be content to go with him.

He caught his breath suddenly, like one who fights for a cold, keen wind, and got up. It had grown to be the dominant influence of his present life, this struggle with himself on the subject of Camilla Lancing. How would it end?

His man entered his room at that moment, bringing a note.

It was written in pencil, and came from Camilla.

"I am waiting outside," she had scribbled. "I wonder if you would see me? I want to see you so very much. I have a great favor to ask you. Could you spare ten minutes?"

Rupert Haverford read the note two or three times; he wanted to calm himself and steady his voice.

"Please ask Mrs. Lancing if she will come in, Harper," he said.

She came in almost directly.

Yesterday she had been a brown fairy; to-day she seemed to be a living violet. He never knew, in detail, what she wore; he was only conscious of the exquisite effect she always made. Her near approach was heralded by the sweetest, faintest whisper of the flower she personified.

She had thrown back her veil. He noticed that, though she was smiling, she looked pale and tired.

"How good of you to see me!" she said.

"How good of you to come!" he answered, in his usual grave way—the way she called "stodgy."

He pushed forward a chair for her, near the fire, but she chose to sit away from it, in the shadows.

"Thanks. No, I won't have tea. I have had some already—two cups, and I must not stay more than two minutes. I have some news for you," she announced. "Agnes has come up with me; I simply refused to leave Yelverton without her. And she only wanted an excuse to come." Camilla laughed as she sank into a chair. "You have not an idea what a scene of excitement there was at my house when we arrived! My children simply adore Agnes, and she adores them. And, oh, Mr. Haverford, I am charged with all sorts of messages to you! Betty and Baby are enchanted with your lockets and intend wearing them always, but, please, you must give them a picture of yourself to put inside; that is what they say."

There was a little pause.

Camilla let her sables slip from her shoulders on to her arms. She had come there with a distinct purpose, a purpose which was bound about with the iron of most pressing fear and necessity.

True to her nature, however, she was not going to speak frankly.

"I can't!" she said to herself; "I absolutely can't!"

Haverford was standing by the fire.

The scent of her violets, the bewildering entrancement of her presence, made him dreamy.

How changed the room was!

The house was full of treasures—pictures, tapestries, bronzes, inanimate things which had cost thousands—but everything was as nothing compared with this living, breathing, beautiful woman.

How far more beautiful than all the rest she was!

"I shall be photographed on purpose," he roused himself to say; and then pulled himself together with a great effort. "You want me?" he queried. "I am only too delighted to do any little thing for you, Mrs. Lancing. Pray let me know what I can do!"

Camilla got up and moved about a little aimlessly. She gave a sign.

"Oh! Well, I had better warn you—it's rather a big favor, really quite an enormous one," she said. "And now that I am here, I—I feel nervous, horribly nervous!" Indeed her voice broke a little.

"Don't be afraid," said Haverford.

She caught her breath, and steadied her nerves. There was such kindness in his voice, it gave her encouragement.

"Well, I have come to you because a dear friend of mine is in great trouble, Mr. Haverford," she said. "When I got home this afternoon I found a letter waiting for me. You would not know it I were to tell you her name. She lives in the country, and oh! she has had such a hard life. Well—we are old, old friends, and I suppose that is why she has turned to me now, and asked me to help her. I only wish I could——" she broke off with a sharp sigh; "it is so hateful to feel one cannot do things of this sort for people who really need help——," she said, half impatiently, half wearily.

He stood quietly by the fireplace looking at her; he was barely conscious of what she was saying. The fragrance that floated about her—her clear voice with its pretty enunciation—the realization that she was so close, had a curious effect upon him; he felt stupid, dazed, burningly hot one instant, strangely cold the next.

Camilla hurried on nervously.

"When I read that letter, Mr. Haverford, I thought immediately of you. Now I know I have no earthly right to bother you with things that belong to a stranger—indeed"—she laughed faintly—"I am quite prepared to hear you say that you are surprised; that you did not think that I should do anything of this sort. I—I have come even expecting you to refuse."

He left the fireplace and went nearer to her.

The dream dropped away from him.

"Some friend of yours is in trouble?" he asked. He smiled at her. "You were quite right to come to me. I am only too glad to do anything for any one in trouble, but more especially I am glad to do anything for any one who is dear to you."

Camilla bit her lip, and moved a little away from him, approaching the fire in her turn.

"How good you are!" she said. The words were wrung from her involuntarily, and there were tears in her eyes and tears in her voice. Indeed, he moved her sharply at this moment.

There was such an element of simplicity about him, and yet no weakness. He accepted her story without question. The flimsy fabrication she had just given him was merely the truth to him, essentially so because it was she who spoke. No other man she knew would have been deceived by this story of a friend in the country, but Rupert was not like all these other men. He was very far removed from being a fool, but he was a long, long way from grasping the meaning of life as it was lived by most of the men and women who circled about him now.

Why, he was in many things a child compared to herself!

Haverford had set down to his writing table.

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

A PRACTICAL SHIRT WAIST.

A tucked shirt waist that is very simple to make, though smart in effect, is here shown. The tucks in front are arranged in double box pleat effect, the plaits at each side being broad at the shoulders and tapering gracefully to the waistline, thus giving the desired effect of slenderness to the figure. The back is plain, except for a simulated yoke, which may be omitted if desired, though the facing which produces the yoke effect is a desirable addition when warmth is needed across the shoulders. The sleeve is a plain shirt sleeve, finished in tailor style. To make the waist in the medium size requires 4 yards of 24-inch material, taffeta, flannel, or linen being suitable, as the season may demand. Seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches, bust measure. A pattern of this may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteen street northwest, giving the number (2734) and size wanted.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

To which class do you belong—the whiners or those who accept defeat with a smile? It will make a difference in the treatment accorded you by the world. Those who have to live with whiners have little choice in the matter, but the great world of men and women, free to choose as they will, turn a rather icy shoulder to those who have little or no spirit.

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If life was easy for everybody there would be no achievement worth while. Great deeds are performed under deep stress. Necessity is a whip that has done more for civilization than any two or three other forces. The men who have achieved power and wealth have never acknowledged defeat, even in the face of ruin which not only threatened their plans, but spoiled them, but some of them have turned whiners in their old age. There are a few notable examples living abroad and they are not pleasant to think upon.

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We can all understand the attraction of foreign countries for those who have money and leisure. Life is different in so many ways that to exert the privilege of choosing an abode seems fair enough. I never appreciated that till I saw a young wife, who had spent five years studying art in Paris, and by her plunge into matrimony met such a complete change in environment as to give her a heavy dose of homesickness. She was bewildered by the pushing crowds which left their manners at home, as she expressed it. She hated hanging to straps in swaying trolley cars, and yearned for the cheap cabs of the French capital. She liked gay restaurant life and her husband detested it—he was purely American.

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Well, she went off so in looks and health that he had to send her back, and there she remains with occasional trips to America when he cannot find time to visit her. The charm of the Old World has drawn heavily upon this country, and it has been accepted in good part. But when a multi-millionaire cries out, like a peevish child, that he will not play in our yard, because his methods of money-getting are too severely criticised, then we wonder at the loss of mental power and question the ability of the man to win in a race with men and conditions of to-day. Perhaps he has always been overestimated, and his dollars were accumulated by other and more clever brains.

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I heard a prosperous man admit that he had faced financial ruin three times, and secured a good, safe footing in each case inside of twelve months. But he said nothing about the mother of his seven children, who cheered him on the way by hard work, thrift, and unfailing sweet temper. She dismissed her maids, closed up a part of her home to make the work easier and did a huge share in the building up. Ah, he owes her the luxury by which she is now surrounded, and perhaps he knows it, even though he says little or nothing about it. Suppose this man a member of the band of whiners—where would he be to-day? Among the failures, the hosts who cannot stand adversity and who will not attribute their condition to its true cause. They are victims of circumstances in their own eyes.

BETTY BRADEEN.

Things Worth Knowing.

Always serve olives on crushed ice in a pretty dish.

Vinegar improves with keeping and should be bought in quantities.

Lemon juice will bring out the flavor of fish better than anything else can.

Two-thirds hot water and one-third glycerin, well mixed, makes an excellent gargle for a sore throat.

In escaping from a fire crawl along the floor. Smoke ascends and there is always a current of air along the floor.

Cloths wrung out of very hot water will relieve almost any pain, and will act much more quickly than a plaster.

Dousing alternately hot and cold water on the head after a shampoo will make the hair soft and glossy and prevent a cold.

Peas and beans are the most nutritious vegetables that we have. They contain a very large amount of muscle-forming food.

Stewed celery eaten with the liquid in which it was cooked is said to be excellent in cases of rheumatism and neuralgia.

Green figs form an excellent food. Dried figs contain nerve and muscle food and produce heat and waste, but they are considered bad for the liver.

To remove tea, coffee, cocoa, or chocolate stains, soak in cold water first, then place the stain over a bowl and pour boiling water through it, holding the teakettle at a height to insure force.

Brooms should always hang when not in use. Have a hole bored through the handle four inches from the end, and large enough to slip over an ordinary nail. When left on the floor a broom soon loses its shape and will not do good work.

A LITTLE CHILD'S IMPRESSION.

Lying at the base of Echo Mountain, in California, in the San Gabriel Valley, in the pretty city of Passadena: At night, when the lights are glistening and sparkling, the effect from Echo Mountain is beautiful. One evening, directly after dinner, a little girl who was remaining over night on the mountain, rushed breathlessly into the dining-room, exclaiming: "Oh, mamma, mamma, come out on the porch; all the stars have fallen on the ground!"

THE INSTINCT TO OBEBY.

Man's first instinct is to obey. On a crowded north-bound Eighth avenue car an altercation arose between a passenger and the conductor. Both were very much excited, and as they continued to argue their voices grew louder and louder. Finally a man in the rear of the car shouted, "Shut up!" and, much to the satisfaction and amusement of the other occuparts, they immediately subsided.

EVENING HATS.

Silver net or tulle is a popular choice.

So is pale flesh pink.

They light up beautifully under evening illumination.

A silver net hat was trimmed with a long white plume and silver roses.

One of pink maline was trimmed with marabou tips in two shades of pink.

SHAWL PINS REVIVED.

Shawl pins are back in favor.

Let no one think them ordinary.

On the contrary, they are handsome and costly antique jewels.

They have long pins and are meant to clasp the kimono, burnous, and other primitive and beautiful evening cloaks now in fashion.

WILLING TO HELP HIM.

"And besides," concluded the young man who was in love, "I have money to burn."

"That being the case," rejoined the fair maid in the parlor scene, "I am willing to strike a match."

ABOUT WOMEN AND THINGS

Here are some rules for the thin woman who wants to acquire flesh. They are the advice of an authority on physical culture:

"You must learn to move slowly; your actions must be deliberate.

"You must get out of the habit of hustling.

"You must forget the fact that you have obligations and engagements or you must learn not to worry about them.

"You must learn how to sleep.

"You must cultivate a taste for the right kind of food.

"There is in New York a boarding-house for thin women. At a rather high rate of board they take women who are under weight and they fatten them up. It takes six or eight weeks.

"For breakfast they give the thin woman as much cocoa as she can drink and all the hot bread she can eat and as much sweet butter as her hot bread will carry.

"A diet of sweet cream, brown bread, cocoa, and sugars in various forms will act as a sedative to the nerves, provided the diet is not carried too far. The thin woman must not make herself sick eating sweets.

"Deep breathing is wonderfully effective in the matter of putting flesh on the chest. The thin woman with a flat chest should open the windows and take long deep breaths of air many times a day. It would be a good thing if she could sleep in the open air winter and summer, and if she would remain out of doors most of her waking hours.

"A diet of potatoes, milk, raw eggs, and moderate sweets is fattening."

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White doeskin gloves last well and wash almost unendingly, but their success lies in the secret of careful washing. The gloves should be put in warm water, not too warm, and gently rubbed with soap; take each glove singly and soap it into a ball in the palm of the hand. When the rinsing is well accomplished soap them again, and then, without being rinsed, squeeze them until all the water has run out. Straighten the gloves, don't pull them, and hang to dry where there is a current of air; do not put them near a fire. The drying takes rather a long time, and at first the gloves look spoiled. But they are a real success when once dry, and they must be briskly rubbed together to get rid of the stiffness; then they are ready to wear and "as good as new."

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No hat can be worn day in and day out and remain even presentable for more than a few weeks' time, and it is really the best economy to have at least two hats for the walking suit anyway. A hat that has lost its first freshness will at once make the entire costume look shabby and lacking in style, and instead of buying a second street costume at this time of year and attempting to get along with a hat that is a month or two old, it will be found infinitely more satisfactory—and for more economical—to purchase one or two new hats—and it is astonishing what a new lease of life the dress will take on.

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One of the season's novelties in fur is an evening coat formed of wide bands of cerise velvet with stripes of ermine between, or, to speak truly, the garment is of velvet striped with ermine. This particular garment is a three-quarter-length coat, loose and shapeless, with mandarin sleeves, a style allowing the free use of bands of ermine. Under the mandarin sleeves are others of velvet, terminating in ermine cuffs. A fringe of ermine tails borders the coat, and to wear with it when going to the play there is a little ermine toque with a fan-like wired bow of cerise velvet matching the coat. This is set at the front and slants sharply up and down with a sort of open-winged butterfly effect.

This coat is lined throughout, over the white satin lining, with pale pink chiffon flowered in deep pink.

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A few marriages are happy. This cheerful fact is gleefully recorded here, in the hope that it may make a bright spot in all the doleful record of divorces and desertions of which every newspaper is full. A man, a woman, and a small girl seen on the train this morning are proof of the statement.

The small girl had the man's nose and the woman's eyes. The woman was gay and pretty, with fluffy gold hair and beautiful furs, and a round white chin with a dimple—a firm chin, though. And when she talked the little girl looked at her in open admiration, and the man—who was dark and smooth-shaven, with slightly gray hair, and a fine, clear-cut boyish face, and wrinkles around his eyes, as if he laughed a lot—listened as if all her words were golden. And when he talked, she listened the same way.

And they laughed together exactly like a happy boy and girl, who admired each other more than anybody else in the world. And the little maiden, who was about ten years old, and rosy and happy, sat and looked at them as if she, also, thought them the most extraordinary people.

That woman was lovely, and capable, and sensible, and happy. Any one could see that at a flash. And the man was perhaps not quite so resolute a person, but fine and gentle and appreciative, and very much in love with his wife, and just as happy. That was plain.

And it was such a tremendous relief to look up from the aforesaid record of divorces and desertions in the morning paper and behold this jolly contradiction to the lie that all marriages are failures, that one had all one could do to keep from stepping across the aisle and asking for the recipe, for the benefit of all the poor wretches who bungle and lose at the game these two were playing with such evident joy.

The Home Cleaner.

Bran water is thought by some housewives to be the best thing in which to wash fine silk stockings, as soap is apt to make the silk tender.

The white Teddy bear that looks so woefully dirty after a week of hard usage, as well as baby's angora muff and tippet, mamma's ermine set, and sister's white felt hat, can be cleaned with wheat flour. Rub the flour in carefully and thoroughly, using clean flour as fast as the handful first used becomes gray. Shake out and brush thoroughly.

White silk may be safely washed without soap in tepid water and alcohol without danger of yellowing, if pressed, when nearly dry, with irons that are not too hot. A bit of bluing may be added to the rinsing water. If these directions are followed carefully the result will be a luster like that of new material. White silk bodices and gowns not often worn should be kept in drawers or boxes wrapped in blue tissue paper, with bits of white wax scattered among the folds.

Coiffure Changes.

Coiffures change.

Now the heavy portions of the hair is not on top of the head.

Neither is it about the face, nor yet at the nape of the neck.

In all smart coiffures the hair is coiled abundantly on the back of the crown.

About the forehead it is loosely brushed in smooth backward waves, lying flatly across the top of the head.

The line of the hair about the temple, ear, and nape of neck is rather severe.

But the heavy mass comes where the big hat may be pinned back against it.

A ribbon bandeau or snood is an almost inevitable feature of pretty hairdressing.

Novel Electroliers.

They're imported pottery figures.

There's a peasant blowing up a fire of fagots.

Red lights under the fagots make it most realistic.

The soft gray colorings and quaint designs are charming.

A woman warming her hands over the kitchen hearth is also clever.

The red fire glows on the hearth, and the dinner pot swings over it.

Then there's a little Cupid forging hearts on a blacksmith's furnace.

His bow and arrows are slung from the shelf, and here, too, electroliers make a glowing furnace.

A cunning peasant child carrying a huge yellow pumpkin agleam with light is also good.

The Strongest of All Woods.

Official tests of the many valuable hard woods native to Western Australia have made known the extraordinary properties of yate, believed to be the strongest of all known woods, says the Dundee Advertiser. Its average tensile strength is 24,000 pounds to the square inch, equaling that of good cast iron. Many specimens, however, are much stronger, and one was tested up to seventeen and one-half tons to the square inch, which is equal to the tensile strength of wrought iron. The sawn timber of yate is probably the strongest in the world. The tree grows to a maximum height of 100 feet and has sometimes a diameter of two and one-half or even three feet.

Female Streetsweepers.

Many women in Munich support themselves by streetsweeping. It does not follow that they are lifelong citizens because they brush and carry away the dirt of its streets. The recruits of this army come from the country, strapping daughters of small farmers or laborers, and the task is a coveted one to these stout and wholesome young women, so that there is always a waiting list. They dress in a kind of uniform, Tyrolese hat of green with a feather on the side, blue petticoat, red jacket and a neckerchief.